

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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"UNITY."

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NOTES.

We go to press for this issue with the editor quite lost in the secretary. The cares of the anniversaries with their unexpectedly large attendance make it impossible for us to do more at this time than to let our readers judge for themselves of the Conference from the specimen papers which we offer in this number. How large and enthusiastic the meetings have been, how the debts for the past year have been met, and plans for the future formed,—all this will be detailed in our next—the Annual Conference Number of the Western Unitarian Conference.

Nineteen out of twenty-one directors of the Western Unitarian Conference answered to their names at the first roll-call on the 10th inst.. Everything indicated a most interesting session.

A recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains a most interesting paper on "Religious Rationalism in the United States," by the Count Goblet d'Alviella. We hope to give a fuller notice of this article in another number of the UNITY. The author has in preparation an extended work on the progress of religious thought, which will be awaited with interest.

We have received a communication from an Eastern friend criticising with some severity the paragraphs relative to John Brown which have appeared in UNITY from the pen of our fellow-editor D. N. Utter. Like others who have written upholding the "Boston view" of John Brown—which we are ourselves inclined to share—he calls for more testimony as to the alleged misdeeds of Brown in Kansas. Now we are certain that Mr. Utter is prepared to furnish any required amount of such testimony: we are equally sure that the believers in John Brown can furnish a mass of facts and arguments on the other side,—and the most evident proposition of all is that the space of our little paper is quite unequal to any such discussion. So after due consideration, UNITY has concluded to let the matter drop right here.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times for the growth of rational religion is the wave of Biblical criticism that is both spreading and gathering force continually. The old view of the Scriptures is doomed. The new criticism is reverent and candid, impressing everybody with its truth-seeking spirit, while its results are startling beyond anything ever said by Ingersoll or Voltaire. Take the single conclusion that the Pentateuch as a book was written (compiled in part, probably,) after the Babylonian captivity of the Jews and it will be seen that results follow that make Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses" as ridiculous as Leslie's "Short and Easy Method with the Deists." The best of the matter is that as we find out how the old book was made the crudities and cruelties of the old religion cease to trouble us. As the old idea of an infallible revelation through Moses

departs, the grander idea of a revelation through humanity comes to fill its place; and what is lost to faith and authority is gained to freedom and reason.

D. N. U.

Contributed Articles.

EPIGÆA.

E. C. P.

With baby breath and baby flush,
The firstling of the year,
Baptized in glory from the skies,
Is born our Epigæa—

Pink as the hues of morning are,
Pure as the early dew,
Fresh as the faith in earthly love
That happy childhood knew—

Our blushing flower, our woodland pet,
Pressed close to earth's fond breast,
Then passed from loving hand to hand
Like babies newly dressed.

Oh, darlings hiding in the woods,
We've learned your shy, soft ways
And tracked your sweet trail in the leaves,
Faithful thro' all the Mays.

Sweet little kinsfolk, to our lives
Your tenderer life appeals,
Stirs the deep current of our thoughts,
And hidden grace reveals.

That Power which, thro' the wintry storms,
Keeps such surprise in store,
Midst life's thick fallen leaves may find
Glories undreamed before.

"NOT AS I WILL."

E. E. M.

With eyes undimmed by mist of tears
I try to pierce the coming years
And read through all the doubts and fears
My onward way.

I see the cross I needs must bear,
So near, that round me all the air
Is heavy with a weight of care,
That clouds the day.

I had a thought that Love divine
Destined this wavering heart of mine
For worship at a nobler shrine
Than self alone;
And evermore the longing grew
For inner life more pure and true—
More joy in duties old and new
Than I had known.

With face turned towards the Perfect Day
I tried to hasten on the way—
But just before me, cold and grey,

I saw this cross:
It seemed as if my heart stood still,
So dulled with fear was heart and will
By this sick dread and sudden chill
Of bitter loss.

I felt that if I stretched my hand
To take this cross, in all the land
No one more desolate would stand,
More sad than I—
That all my thoughts of nobler deeds,
Of ministry to others' needs,
Of mental growth, not bound by creeds,
Must faint and die.

To take, not give, must be my lot,
And plans for action all forgot
My life must pass, recorded not
By deeds of good.
I turned aside and would not see
The cross, but strove most earnestly
To make my life as high and free,
As mortal could.

Yet all the time a vague unrest
Dwelt in my heart, though unconfessed,
And that strange fear within my breast
Would never cease;—
Till now at last I dimly see
That God has sent this cross to me,
And bearing it all patiently
May bring me peace.

I do not cheat my heart and say
"Perhaps this grief may pass away."
I know, in all my life, that day
Can never come;
But now I see with eyes more clear
Unnumbered blessings left me here—
These kindly faces—love most dear—
A quiet home.

Perhaps some day I yet may own
That this same cross I bear alone
Has led me in a way unknown
To something higher—
And wonder why, so weak and blind,
I strove against this message kind:
"Rest in the Lord, and thou shalt find
Thy heart's desire."

INFANT-CLASS WORK.

READ BEFORE THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY AT
CHICAGO, MAY 12, 1883, BY MRS. ANNA L. PARKER, OF QUINCY, ILL.

Perhaps no problem that the superintendent of a Sunday-school has to meet in successfully conducting the school is more difficult of solution, than the problem of the infant class, and I think I may venture to say, that until quite recently, none has received less consideration.

This no doubt arises from the undefined position that the class occupies in the minds of both teacher and superintendent, and possibly of parent and child. Is it a school or a nursery? Shall the children be taught or amused? Until these questions receive a definite answer, we can expect neither pleasure nor profit in this branch of the Sunday-school.

How seldom we hear the teacher of this class express any pleasure in her office; on the contrary we are told that "it is a wearisome task, but some one must assume it, and I suppose it is as much my duty as another's, but I really do not know what is required of me. Shall I amuse the little ones by reading to them, telling them stories and hearing their recitations, or shall I try to teach them? and if so, what must I teach? How shall I be able to hold the attention, or reach the understanding of forty or fifty restless, playful, trying, yet beautiful children?"

This should not be. It is wrong that this very interesting and, when properly conducted, satisfactory class, should be a burden instead of a pleasure to the one having charge of it. The mistake arises, as I have said before, from the undefined position that this class occupies between a nursery and a school.

Have we not experimented long enough to come to some definite conclusions and have some practical theories in regard to it? I think so, and shall take the position that it has been demonstrated by actual experience that this class is as teachable and gives to earnest effort as pleasing results as any in the school; and farther, that it feeds and sustains the school, bearing much the same relation to it that the Sunday-school does to the church; and on the efficiency of this class will depend in a great degree the future well-being of the school.

In times past, and not very long past either, it was thought that little knowledge or experience was necessary to teach in the primary departments of our public schools. If the young girl who applied for the situation of teacher could read and spell well, she was qualified to teach the children these early branches of education; but experience has shown us that the finest ability, though perhaps not the finest scholarship, is needed in this department.

The same is true of the infant-class of the Sunday-school. I would say to the superintendent, put your most experienced, conscientious, patient teacher here, for she—I take it for granted that it will be a lady—will have problems to solve, discouragements to meet unknown to teachers of older classes, and in proportion to her earnestness and patience will be her success.

Let us consider for a moment some of the more apparent difficulties that the teacher of this class must encounter; perhaps we may help her to surmount them, not remove them, for that, from the nature of the case, we can not do.

We will visit in imagination the room in which this class of little children assemble, as doubtless

you have often done in person, or should have done. Beautiful sight, is it not? Lovely, bright, eager little faces with the curious, questioning gaze of childhood; neatly and cleanly dressed; each a household darling, and with temperaments as varied as the diversity we find and enjoy in a garden of flowers. In this diversity lies our first difficulty.

Shall little Isabel, shy and timid almost to tears if you speak to her, receive the same kind of attention, as fearless bright-eyed Florence? Shall roguish, restless, careless Willie meet the same sort of care from his teacher, as his sensitive little brother Amiel, who sits quietly beside him? Is the same method applicable to the dull, suspicious boy and the confident, intelligent one? One law of love is certainly alike applicable and demanded by all; but the gardener will tell you, that while sunlight and rains are equally necessary to the perfection of all his flowers, a study of their different habits has shown him that the same sort of culture is not called for by the rose and the lily, the pink and the pansy; and in an observance of the different habits of his plants lies the attainment of his object.

I hold it as one of the fundamental requisites of success in this class, that the teacher shall come into personal relations with each little one. Borrowing an illustration from Emerson, there must be no interval between scholar and teacher. Contact of mind is necessary to cohesion; and here let me say to the teacher, do not be discouraged if you do not find your way easily into the love and sympathy of the child; it takes time and effort to establish this personal relation, but it can be done, and much depends upon it.

I worked two years to win an answering smile from a little boy; when it came I knew I had conquered, and the sequel proved I was right. I have dwelt on this point because I deem it so essential. The mind of a child, like the unfolding petals of a delicate flower, needs the warm atmosphere of love and sympathy in which to expand. A chill air of indifference blowing over the tender opening bud closes it, and conceals from view the beauty hid within. When once this relation of sympathy is established, the teacher is in a measure prepared to begin her work; and here we find a second problem. What shall she teach?

I will preface the answer to this question by asking another. What is the object of Sunday-schools? Six days in the week the minds of children are flooded with facts of the physical and mental world around them. They are acquiring knowledge necessary to their well-being in this busy world; but for their perfect development another side of their nature must be brought into play; namely, the spiritual, and for the education of this part of their being we have set apart one day in seven.

I hold that in proportion to the importance we attach to the unfolding of this side of child nature will be found the religious teachings of our Sunday-schools; and farther, that as the infant-class feeds

and sustains the school, it is of importance that this religious teaching should begin here.

That this can be done I am well assured. An experience of almost four years has shown me conclusively, not only that the beautiful religious truths of the Bible can be taught here, but that this is the place to do it.

Put aside your story books and paper, some morning, and with earnestness repeat to the children these words of the Hebrew poet:—"O Lord, how manifold are all thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches." And then talk with them about this "Great, round, wonderful, beautiful world," and see what eager attention they will give you, what awe and reverence is expressed in the pure little faces; with what fervor they will repeat the words after you, how soon they will be garnered and laid away, to become a source of inspiration in the long years of the future that lie before them; and I think if you have had any doubts of the feasibility of Biblical teachings in the infant class, they will be set at rest by this experiment.

Of course, much will depend on the wisdom with which you make your selections, and you cannot be too careful here. Seek for simplicity and singleness of thought. Avoid all doctrinal subjects; they give little return at any time, and are absolutely barren in this connection. Choose for your work passages containing the thought of the unity of God. "The Lord our God is one." The thought of God, as the Creator. "I have made the earth, and created man upon it. I, even my hands, have stretched out the heavens, and all their hosts have I commanded." Of God as the Father of all. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters." Passages containing ethical lessons, short and terse. "Thou shalt not kill." Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Lessons in self-restraint. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." In care for others. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." These passages will sufficiently illustrate the selections that may be made from the Bible as the basis of your lesson.

Now what method shall be used in fixing the thought in the mind of the child?

All teachings in this class should be oral; somewhat more difficult for the teacher, but much better for the scholar. The method which I find satisfactory may be briefly stated thus: I write on the black-board, as plainly as possible, the selection that I have made.—After the devotional exercises, I ask the children how many can read what is written on the board.

A number of little hands among the older children are raised in response to this question. Then the request is made, that one of the children read it aloud. This is done eagerly, the little child oftentimes spelling it out slowly but courageously. Others are asked to read the sentence until it has

been repeated a number of times; afterwards the class repeat it in concert.

One morning generally suffices for memorizing the texts; but they are left on the board and repeated as a part of our lesson for several weeks. The passage of scripture learned, the teacher is ready for her work of simplification and illustration. As to method:—I do not know that you can improve on the Socratic one of developing thought by asking questions.

Never tell a child anything you can help it find out for itself. Care should be taken not to introduce too many thoughts into one lesson; it causes confusion in young minds. Suppose you have for your lesson this selection: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein." Anchor fast to the one thought of God as the owner of all, and then you can talk about his mountains and plains, great seas and flowing rivers, trees and plants and flowers, birds and beasts; not forgetting in your enumeration the loveliest of all his possessions—the dear little children. Request them individually to name something belonging to God, and you will find them glad to do it. In that one thought of the Psalmist lies a month's work if you choose to do it, and work that will grow in interest each week: for example, one Sunday you can talk about God's seas and rivers, and what is found in them, God's trees and plants, God's birds and beasts, God's children; thus following the counsel of Job:

"Ask now the beasts and they will teach thee.
Or the fowls of the air, and they will tell thee.
Or speak to the earth, and it will instruct thee,
And the fishes of the sea declare it unto thee."

you can lead the little one, through these lessons in Nature, that can be so beautifully and easily illustrated, to a knowledge of Nature's God, finding—

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Before leaving this subject of religious instruction, I will speak of the need of a simple form of worship for this class—a service consisting of responses, prayers and songs in which young children can take part understandingly.

On this point I wish to be explicit. I think we often make mistakes here from the fact that we do not realize how soon the element of worship manifests itself in children, how quieting and beautiful its influence on the deportment of the class, nor what a help to the teacher in preparing the minds of the little ones for religious instruction.

As a practical acquaintance with this subject is of more value than theories, you will pardon me for referring to my own experience in regard to it. It is apparent to any one who will give attention to the subject, that a religious service suitable to the older classes of the Sunday-school cannot be comprehended by the children of the infant class, few of whom could spell out the words used in it, or understand the thought expressed by them; thus they are barred from a participation in this worship.

All teachers of this class know that it is during

the devotional exercises of the school, that you have the most difficulty in keeping the restless, uninterested little children quiet. The consequence is, that by the time the service is concluded, they are in a turbulent state not very favorable for a consideration of the lesson. During the first years of my connection with the infant class, this state of things was very unsatisfactory to me, and that the children might not lose all the uplifting and holy influences of worship in the school, I taught them to repeat a little prayer, with which, doubtless, most of you are acquainted:

God of the darkness
God of the sun.
God of the universe
God of each one.

Breathe on our spirit thy love and thy healing,
Teach us content with thy fatherly dealing;
Teach us to love thee, to love one another
Brother his brother—and make us all free,
From the sin and temptation that keep us from thee.

After the services were concluded in the larger room and the windows were closed, separating us from the older classes, the little children arose and, with hands folded, stood for a moment in reverential silence, then slowly, distinctly and devoutly repeated this prayer. Desirous as I was that this simple act of worship should be beneficial, the extent of the good it did surprised and pleased me.

The beautiful influence it left upon the class, made the teacher's work for the morning comparatively easy. That one prayer opened our school for months; gradually others were learned, then a simple responsive service was added, and at last a benediction, consisting of responses and a chant.

The earnestness with which the children enter into these services, the simple faith and sincerity of their worship, indicates unmistakably to the teacher her true field of labor. "Yea, have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

The minds of young children being so easily wearied with continuous effort in one direction, it is well to vary the exercises and so guard against inattention. Give a portion of the time to recitations; let these be voluntary; you can have as many as you desire, if you approach the subject in the right way. Three things may be secured for the little ones by this exercise; confidence in themselves, a certain amount of emulation necessary to progress, and the relaxation that is found in variety.

Do not let the bright children do all the talking, as there is such temptation to do; but help the timid and dull. Give the babies some opportunities to take a part in the lesson, by asking them simple questions which they can answer. It is a gala day with them when they have had their first say in the Sunday-school. I once asked a timid little four-year old girl, in one of the lessons, if she knew where to find the violets in the spring time? Unconsciously, it seems, I had struck a subject of great interest to the little maiden and she was quick with her response, telling where she and mama found

the daisies, violets and buttercups, and went home as happy as a bird and told her mama—"That God loved the little flowers and covered them with snow in the winter time to keep them warm." If you will open the wonder book of nature to children and show them its beauties, you will seldom be importuned for a fairy story.

As the one lesson system in use in most Sunday-schools is not applicable to the infant class, the teacher is thrown on her own resources; and for her comfort, to say nothing of her duty as a teacher, I would advise her to be conscientious in her preparation of the lesson. Never appear before your class without such preparation. If you should, that morning's lesson will not be the delight it ought to be to teacher or scholars.

As to rewards for attendance and behavior, my experience is, that they are entirely unnecessary. I will go further than that, and say that they are deleterious in their effects, and are of the things at which a teacher catches to aid her, not knowing how to sustain the interest in her class; but they are a weak support, and will be discarded as soon as she has learned to magnify her office, and hold the worth of true teaching at its proper value.

There is a much better way to induce the little ones to come regularly to the Sunday-school, and when there, to deport themselves satisfactorily.

Teach them to love you by loving them, and then give to these tender minds mental food that they can assimilate, and you will not find it necessary to resort to picture cards to fill the little chairs, or keep their interesting and interested occupants still.

Another point of importance in the upbuilding of this class, and one that I fear does not always receive from the officers of the Sunday-school the attention it deserves, is the necessity of tools for the work, and in no other department of the school is this necessity greater. You can embarrass your teacher more than you have any thought of, by inattention to these needs of the class, or by mistaken ideas of economy.

The more important things necessary here, are: First, a room where the children will be undisturbed. It should be furnished with low chairs—not benches—that the little ones may be comfortable, a parlor organ with one set of reeds, a bell—which you cannot afford to be without—a black-board and table.

As to books, they seem to be a great source of pleasure to the children, and it is no small thing to make children happy,—if you can make them good at the same time.

There has been a library for several years, belonging to the infant class of the school with which I am connected. This library is a constant expense and care. It must be renewed every year and is continually undergoing repairs, and yet I am not quite ready to say we will do without it,—when I remember with what pleasure the children receive their books.

And now, what are the requisites of success to be sought for in the teacher?

First, a loving heart filled with a profound reverence for these wonderful works of God—the beautiful, immortal souls of little children—a love so broad and deep, that, forgetting self, it can stoop to serve with no sense of weariness; with a patience that can waive direct results;—sowing the seed, and leaving the issue to the God of the harvest. A teacher who has not forgotten her own childhood, but can laugh and sing with the little ones, entering into their playful mood the better to lead them, and yet never forgetting the dignity due to her office. With these qualities of heart should be found mental capabilities, such as powers of observation, adaptation, and especially illustration. Add to this a thorough conviction of the worth of her work, a definite object in her teaching, a degree of enthusiasm; and I think you will have the requisites of a successful teacher. In every society large enough to have an infant class distinct from the other classes of the Sunday-school, you can find the teacher with the necessary qualifications, if you seek for her in the right place. But do not choose your teacher from among the young girls of the society. One must have lived long enough to become somewhat acquainted with human nature and child nature, to be fitted for the delicate and responsible position of instructor to young children.

And what of encouragement in the rather arduous task? What are the inducements to undertake the work?

Given the teacher whom we have portrayed and who, I will admit, is somewhat ideal, but who is nevertheless possible, a sufficient inducement is the success that will attend her work; and of this she may be assured if her teachings are in conformity with the natural growth of the child's mind.

She will have to assist her, the receptive nature of early childhood and that God-implanted curious interest that children show in everything. This faculty that prompts the little child to break its toys in order to see how they are made; to open drawers and boxes, to find out what is inside, will show a like interest in pulling the petals from a flower to learn how it is made, or in watching the bird build its nest, or the bee gather its honey, if the attention is directed intelligently in that way. The apparent cruelty which some children show to animals is their unadvised way of getting acquainted with them. A curious child is a teachable child. Their delight in listening to stories may be turned to account in teaching the beautiful old stories of the Bible with their ever-new ethical lessons. In this class, too, you have well-nigh virgin soil in which to cast your seed, and because it is unoccupied it will be the more fruitful. There is not that struggle between ill and good, which comes later. First impressions, you know, are lasting ones. We have only to look back on our childhood to realize this truth. You cannot if you would remove from your mind the nursery rhymes,

fairly tales and school-book poetry of your early youth. To the Sunday-school teaching of this part of my life, I owe as much of my acquaintance and love of the Bible as to all the busy years that have since passed over me. And knowing the imperishableness of the record, shall we not take heed that we write thereon thoughts worthy of the place that they must hold in memory.

A summary of the points considered in this paper show us: 1st. The necessity of deciding whether we are to teach or amuse the little children. 2nd. The personal relations called for between teacher and pupils. 3rd. The feasibility and importance of Biblical teachings in this class. 4th. The great need of a simple form of worship in which little children can take part. 5th. The indispensableness of proper tools for the work. 6th. The qualifications to be sought for in the teacher, and the assistance she will find in the natural endowments of the child. Does this seem to imply that the teacher's work is serious work? So it is—but it brings its reward with it. The possibility of the good that the child may attain more than compensates for any little sacrifices we may make. But the loving Father of us all has made it a law of our nature, that we cannot do good to others without having it returned to us four fold; and this law is beautifully verified in the infant class.

Are you trying sincerely, carefully and patiently, to instruct the little ones committed to your care? They will teach you a lesson of the worth of which you have no conception, until little by little you have learned it—a lesson in faith, in hope and in persistent endeavor.

Are you wearied with worldliness, and its constant strife to bring self to the front? A sight of these unworldly, impolitic little faces is as refreshing as a shower to the parched ground. The esthetic side of your nature will be feasted with a beauty that transcends all other beauty, the winsomeness of unaffected childhood. The social side of your nature will drink a deep and satisfying draught from the fountains of affection overflowing these little hearts. The religious side of your nature will understand as it never did before the significance of these words of Jesus:

"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PHILANTHROPIES.

READ AT THE MEETING OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY IN CHICAGO, MAY 12, 1883, BY MISS BLANCHE DELAPLAINE, OF MADISON, WIS.

Philanthropy seems a large word when applied to the doings or aims of children. "Universal good-will," "Love of mankind at large," the dictionary has it. Is this not a great deal to expect from children? Is it wise to expect it, to seek to develop it? Is there not danger, as well as promise, in the present tendency toward *universal* good-will? Danger that philanthropy, so attractive in name,

may be taken up as a passing fancy, or fashion, instead of being the expression in deeds of a deep, earnest interest in individuals, a genuine kindliness for and sympathy with them?

Philanthropy, in the truest sense, is not a vague, sentimental hope that everybody may, somehow, be made more comfortable, a willingness to aid which finds expression in the words: "Call upon me for money, but don't ask me to go near such people." It calls for the willing giving, if not the sacrifice, of self, and an "enthusiasm for humanity" which must be persistent, untiring, unflinching.

Can we then hope to find, or create, in children a comprehension of this enthusiasm, believed by some to be "the most sublime passion of which human nature is capable?" I think we can; but if we would have genuine workers, we must begin with caution, sure of our own ground, and leading the children, by gradual steps, to the heights where duty and inclination become, almost unconsciously, united, and giving is as involuntary, almost as necessary, as breathing. I would have the children first taught that that philanthropy is but a name, which does not grow out of the charity which begins at home,—the good-will toward those with whom they are in daily and hourly intercourse; and it seems to me that our strongest emphasis should be upon this.

We want no morbid little saints and missionaries, like those found in the old-time Sunday-school books, mourning over their sins, trying to convert their parents, suffering, if sensitive, over the troubles and sins of the world; nor do we want hypocritical, or indignant, little sinners giving their pennies, or dimes, because they are told that they must be generous, and finding a doubtful recompense in self-gratulation over their generosity, yet wishing, secretly, that they "had that money back" for some more selfish use. We do want natural, joyous, hearty children, learning to be true and kind at home and at school, respectful to elders, considerate to companions, and courteous to all. I think one of the first steps in philanthropy should be the practicing of the old-fashioned grace of courtesy, now somewhat difficult to find; not prim politeness, nor airy condescension, but the simple, kindly manner, which comes from delicacy of feeling, and considerate regard for the rights and feelings of others.

How delightful it would be, if our Sunday-school children could be recognized by their reverence for the aged,—that thoughtful consideration and gentle patience so grateful to the old, and so charming in the young; by their high sense of honor, in study and play; their genial intercourse with schoolmates; their unobtrusive kindness toward those less favored, or less happy, than themselves! Even in the Sunday-school, are found snobbishness, disdain and cruel neglect, shown by children of all conditions to those whose plainer dress or simpler homes stamp them as "common," or "not stylish"; while the poorer children,

wounded by the slights which are plainly intentional, look with dislike and distrust upon their more fortunate companions—if fortunate they can be called,—shrinking even from advances kindly meant, and, too often, as they grow older, knowing that they are depreciated, or ignored, encase themselves in an armor of defiance and bitterness which makes them really unattractive, and repels the appreciation and friendship which would be so welcome and so helpful. If our Sunday-schools can help to destroy this miserable spirit of caste, can create and encourage a spirit of good-will and unity among their own members, they will do a noble work, and pave the way for innumerable benefits to all.

But, some one may ask, would you then limit the children's giving to their own home, or school, and be satisfied with pleasant manners only? Can they not be taught to feel an interest outside of family or local matters, to spare a little from their abundance, or even their poverty, for others? Indeed they can; and taught to give with gladness; to know that no pleasure, no happiness can compare with that which comes from the constant out-going of the heart, the life, in sympathy and helpfulness; but they must also be taught that this gladness, and knowledge and happiness are a growth, from within, not a reward, from without.

It seems to me a mistake to make many demands upon children for money, even when devoted to most worthy objects. I think there is danger that regular contributions may become too great a tax upon their savings, and that the giving will proceed from outward pressure, rather than from inward desire. Such giving is bad for children; it blunts the sensibilities and encourages deceit,—self-deception, if nothing more. Those children, too, who have least to give are often most generous. It hurts them that they can do so little, while others, without an effort, do so much. Such hurts are bad for children, initiating them too early into the more serious problems of life, and giving them a foretaste of the pain which must come sometime to every generous soul.

In this connection, I must speak of the earning of money by Sunday-school children. It is right and important that they should feel that every gift is truly their own, earned by their own labor, or self-denial; but we must watch closely lest they become contaminated by the mercenary spirit sometimes found among their elders, and expect great gains from small outlays; excusing exorbitant prices with the words: "It's for the church, you know," or "for charity," and thinking little of the real value, or lack of value of their wares. The feeling engendered by this sort of buying and selling is so mischievous, so corrupting to the young, that I feel that I cannot protest too strongly against it. Better that they should never earn a cent, for any object, than that it should be anything but a fair equivalent for something pleasing, or useful, or beautiful. That charity, which can descend to

anything not strictly fair and dignified, is not worthy of the name. Give the children Carlyle's, or Robert Collyer's, ideal of Work, and hold them to this ideal as their most precious possession. When they have learned to comprehend this—and it is very simple,—they will be ready for true giving.

First, then, I would encourage the children to give of the things truly their own, which have given them pleasure. As Christmas draws near, to spare what they will from their toys, and books and dainties, giving not only those things of which they are tired,—though these can be made of double value to giver and recipient, if carefully used and saved for others,—but choosing between some pleasure for themselves and some benefit to others, always letting the choice and, if possible, the suggestion be their own. Every season furnishes opportunities for those who wish to “lend a hand,” in delicate and unobtrusive ways, from the first flowers and mosses of spring, through the beautiful summer charities of the Country Week, Floating Hospitals and Sea-Side Homes for children; Harvest Sunday, with its gifts of fruit and grain, and Thanksgiving, so peculiarly suggestive of making a good time for others.

It seems as if many of our children were in danger of remaining unawakened to the needs of others, in the prodigality of gifts lavished upon themselves. Even in families of moderate means, and among the younger children, the boys must have their costly bicycles and games, the girls their imported dolls, with extravagant costumes, while the parties given for these poor, rich children compete in expenditure and display with those of their parents, and cultivate a spirit which can hardly be eradicated in a year of Sundays.

It is scarcely to be expected that children accustomed to be considered first in everything, and to have their pleasure consulted at every turn will enter heartily into plans for general benefit. Yet even they, by judicious and *enthusiastic* teaching from those whose hearts are in the work, can learn to “live in pulses stirred to generosity, in scorn for miserable aims that end with self;” and no task can be more enviable than that of the teacher, who strives to “enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love, beget the smiles that have no cruelty,” and, in so doing, helps to make the influence of the Sunday-school “the sweet presence of a good diffused, and, in diffusion, ever more intense.”

There is often complaint of lack of interest in the Sunday-school, and various plans are resorted to to attract and entertain the scholars. Is not the trouble, in a great measure, the result of already too much entertaining, at home and at school, accustoming the children to seek pleasure and excitement everywhere, and making them discontented if these are not the principal attraction? Is not the remedy to be found in stimulating them to “look out and not in,” and in teaching them to consider the Sunday-school a place where they will learn

how to *give* pleasure, and where their smallest plans for helping others will find sympathy and encouragement?

As soon as it seems wise to extend the children's efforts beyond their own community, to bring them into acquaintance and sympathy with the charities of the world, nothing can be more natural than that they should learn to delight in contributing to the pleasure of children in hospitals, or providing a country week for some city child. They can be told of the beautiful home in Boston, owing its origin to the thought of one little girl, and supported by the contributions of Unitarian Sunday-schools, where more than twenty children are made comfortable and happy until better homes are found for them; or they can, perhaps, become interested in some one child, nearer home, adopting it as their especial care, and providing for its needs in various ways.

But these things require money, and before them, as most simple and within the reach of all, comes the Flower Mission. No child is too young to understand or be taught by this; to plant flower-seeds, or bring its tiny offering for the “poor sick little girl;” no community is so blessed that there is not room in it for all the kindly thoughts, and gentle words, which come, instinctively, with the offering of flowers. If they are to be sent away, the children can be interested in gathering and packing them; if to be kept at home, they can be taught to make miniature ferneries, or gardens, in any discarded can or pan, which will last for months, and give untold pleasure to some invalid. When their attention has once been turned in this direction, the first step has been taken in the spirit and motto of the new charity,—“The poor need not alms, but a friend;” and they will soon perceive that there are needs in humble homes of which they have never known, and begin to think of more substantial ways in which to show their friendliness, their desire to be of use. If a personal interest has been aroused, they will wish to do something of themselves, to give something all their own. Then is the time to guard them against too impulsive giving, to show how aid can be most delicately offered, and how money for the carrying out of their plans can be most honorably earned. Then, too, is the time for assisting those who are unable to contribute money in finding ways of service which are quite as valuable, and for impressing upon all the fact that, although good-will without substantial help is sometimes worthless, yet the expression, in words only, of *genuine* good-will may be at times the help most needed, feeding and comforting the soul.

Next to the Flower Mission in simplicity, seems to me the “Free Ice Water Barrel,” like that supported by the “True Helpers” of Unity Sunday-school, in St. Paul, offering its cup of cold water to all who pass the church-door. This, too, is a charity whose spirit is easily comprehended by the little ones, who will feel a glow of pleasure that their pennies have helped to give a cooling drink to the

weary people, or animals passing by. But we must not let this feeling become one of pride or boastfulness about what "Our Sunday-school" does. That the school does it is of no consequence, excepting as it marks it as an organization for helpfulness. Individual generosity, encouraged and directed by the spirit of the school, is the real end sought; the only loyalty we desire is not to an organization or a name, but to this spirit, wherever it may be found.

When we consider ways of helpfulness possible to the older scholars, especially those whose home or Sunday teaching has made them real philanthropists in spirit and desire, the question is not what we can find for them to do, but what method, as best adapted to our surroundings and opportunities, we can select from the many "Wadsworth Clubs," "Look Up Legions," "Friendly Societies," "Lend-a-Hand Clubs," and others of the sort, now so popular.

The circulars of the "Ten Times One Is Ten," published by the Welcome and Correspondence Club, of Boston, give most interesting sketches of the workings of societies like these in every part of the country, and in England, and are full of inspiring suggestions.

In one of Mrs. Whitney's books, some young girls, having a pleasant home, institute a series of "Read and Talk" evenings, inviting in the working-girls whom they have met at chapel, and also such friends as they may wish to bring with them,—inviting also some of their own friends, from wealthy homes, who bring beautiful pictures and books to illustrate the evenings devoted to history, travel or art. This seems to me a most happy plan, whether real or ideal, bringing together in pleasant companionship those whose daily lives would otherwise scarcely touch one another; giving opportunities for acquaintance which may lead to most helpful friendships; brightening the weary days of the girls shut out by toil and poverty from almost every pleasure, and giving new value and beauty to the homes and lives of those able and willing to share their best. In every city, town and village there is need of just such companionship, so full of pure friendliness that all will feel that their best is recognized and welcomed, so free from any tone of condescension or patronage that the most sensitive cannot be wounded.

These are but a few among the many suggestions which present themselves when we consider the inexhaustible and fascinating subject of philanthropy. Those who have had practical experience in Sunday-school work can best decide as to their value. If they have furnished a few points worthy of discussion, they will have served their purpose.

"It is very possible to speak of God magnificently, and to think of him meanly; to apply to his being high-sounding epithets, and to his government principles which make him odious."—Channing.

MANNERS.

READ AT A MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB, CHICAGO, APRIL 4, 1883,
BY MRS. H. B. STONE.

Under this comprehensive heading of *manners* nothing interests me more than the query that comes to us in this stage of our national development: What effect are the principles of our free institutions having upon our social life? It is a query that I cannot help thinking would come to us naturally even if we were not also led to make it by the many opportunities we have of seeing ourselves as others see us; for it seems as if the last year had especially abounded in just comments and criticisms bearing upon this question.

Are not we Americans, in these days of striving and action, much inclined to transpose the words of More's oft quoted line: "Though few can serve, yet all may please," and read instead, Though few can please, yet all may serve? To-day scarcely a man or woman rests until he or she has found some field of usefulness, or one in which, at least, a fond belief of usefulness may be held. This fact and the possibly different standard required for pleasing have altered the outlook of society since the writing of the line.

This idea may not be carried out or even conceived in an ideal form, and there may be found, in its expression, many trivial motives and debasing influences, yet no one can question that they who lead the human race have their hearts upon this high mission, and that we who follow are filled with their influence and, however little we may attain, catch something of this grand idea of service.

But to reach what is aimed at in this mission of service—the greatest good of all—requires such varied effort, that we have only to reflect upon the subject to merge into it that of pleasing. For, since the *battle* must be fought by each singly, how can we better serve one another in our daily life than by courteous and generous behavior, showing what in us is most worthy of affection, and winning honest confidence in return.

We may be utterly destitute of outward graces, yet, whatever awkwardness mars our deportment, or however uncontrollable our shyness, or silent our natural habit, we cannot entirely absolve ourselves from responsibility for the effect of our presence upon others; we cannot foster the humility, which would make us appear to belong to a Pariah caste, apologizing ourselves into the background, there to enjoy all we may of the benefits of society, while contributing nothing.

It is true, indeed, that temperament must decide, in a measure, our field of usefulness in this direction, and many of us must confine our influence to the atmosphere of our homes. We must not quibble because the friend who, in her gracious hospitality, makes heart and mind expand and sends us away refreshed by her companionship, has nothing to offer us if we meet in a crowded room, where the voices that confuse her act as a stimulant to others, clothing them in a dignity and grace that

we do not always discover. But let us, as far as may be, live in harmony with ourselves, our actions being the expression of the best possible in us; so may we hope to render our bearing acceptable and even helpful. And this, though a worthy maxim, will not cover the ground; and we, as a nation, proud of our growing rather than of our growth, have, I think, to devote especial care to one element of our cultivation. Yet for us to recommend it by some simple mandate such as, "Cultivate vivacity!" has a very ludicrous sound, like saying, "Gush!" It is like taking a frail, shy child out of a crowded, stuffy, city alley into a grand, green meadow, on a dazzling day, and saying to her grimly: "Skip, my child!" I do not refer to a child that no amount of restriction could keep from skipping, but to one to whom the word and even the idea have no meaning.

That the daily cares of life have interfered with the growth of graces, that the toil for gain has stunted our sense of beauty, has long been the comment of our critics. We cannot but agree with the view expressed by Matthew Arnold in the *Nineteenth Century*, that for the building up of human life, as men are beginning to see, there are needed not only the powers of industry and conduct, but the power also of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners. In his article he quotes a description given by Miss Bird of a family in Denver—a picture of a moral, hard, unlovely, unrelieved, grinding life—a family living in a degree of discomfort and lack of refinement which seems possible *only* to people of British stock, and asks the pertinent question, how much way this spirit, since surely on our borders we have it, has made and is even yet making among us. A counter-question comes naturally from us, Are we to gain nothing from the representatives of many nations who enter our gates? Shall not the vivacity of the Frenchman, the contentment of the Portuguese, the holiday-loving character of the German,—aye, and the native *dolce far niente* of the Italian, teach us something to ward off the blight with which our mission of work threatens our outer man?

Now, we are characterized by two leading Frenchmen as "a nation of hard unintelligence" and as one that has created a system of popular instruction without any higher instruction, and will long have to expiate the fault by its intellectual mediocrity, superficial spirit and lack of general intelligence, and by its vulgarity of manners.

Mr. Spencer in speaking of us reads the traces of overwork in the lines on our faces and in the fact that here men grow grey ten years earlier than they do in England, and he questions our power to alter this general tendency, so long as, in conformity to our republican principles, we invite men to this race for advancement in which no limit to the stakes is placed. His impressions, as he has written them, express an earnest plea for the development of other powers than those employed in our intemperance in work, and, to me, one sentence is fraught with grave meaning.

He writes, "Some twenty years ago John Stuart Mill delivered at St. Andrews an inaugural address on occasion of his appointment to the lord-rectorship. It contained much to be admired, as did all he wrote. There ran through it, however, the tacit assumption that life is for learning and for working. I felt, at the time, that I should like to take up the opposite thesis. I should have liked to contend that life is not for learning nor is life for working, but learning and working are for *life*."

In terms such as I have quoted, too many foreigners express their views concerning us, but even Mr. Lowell says we are the most common-schooled and uncultivated people in the world.

Mr. Arnold recommends that the true friends of civilization, instead of hopping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic, should stay at home and do their best to raise, purge and ennoble public sentiment; and, certainly, whatever our future growth may be, it is neither in conformity to the spirit of the age nor to the principles of our nation to expect the best results from affecting the manners of any race or class. And yet we must, in loyalty to our country, hope to vindicate her from these charges. It is true that much has been written in defense in answer to Mr. Arnold's article, and we have been told of our excellences in a manner to delight the heart of any of the dwellers under the spreading wings of our eagle. This picture is much pleasanter to contemplate, but is it as wholesome or as helpful as it is to acknowledge our crudity, to admit our wants, and strive for the remedy?

Mr. Emerson in his essay on "Social Aims" refers to just this kind of criticism, and his comments, like all that he has written on this subject, have a most helpful ring. In fact, bowing in all deference and admiration to the charm and beauty of fine manners, he yet has words of encouragement for all. He hesitates to describe the essence of this grace, preferring to compare it to the kingly robes of cobweb-woven cloth in Hans Anderson's story, giving to that tale an allegorical significance, and paying such a tribute to this garment of fine manners as to rouse in us an eager desire to be up and doing and to try to weave it for ourselves. He says again: "Who does not delight in fine manners? Their charm cannot be predicted or overstated. 'Tis perpetual promise of more than can be fulfilled. It is music and sculpture and picture to many who do not pretend to appreciation of those arts. Yet how impossible to overcome the obstacles of an unlucky temperament and acquire good manners, except by living with the well-bred from the start." It is good to read that honest word, impossible, and I honor its baldness. To an ungraceful nature cannot come the charms of fine manners. Rare indeed are the beings who thoroughly delight us, and many are they whose want of grace grates and jars.

Another sentence of Mr. Emerson's contains much wholesome advice concisely put: "The law of the table is Beauty—a respect to the common soul of all the guests. Everything is unseasonable,

which is private to two or three, or to any portion of the company. Tact never violates for a moment this law, never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent or a tariff of expenses or professional privacies—as we say, we never talk *shop* before company. Lovers abstain from caresses and haters from insults, whilst they sit in one parlor.”

With a blow at the spirit of ridicule, which always offends the well-bred, he quotes a passage from the Koran: “On the day of resurrection those who have indulged in ridicule will be called to the door of Paradise and have it shut in their faces when they reach it. Again, on their turning back, they will be called to another door and again, on reaching it, will see it closed against them, and so on, *ad infinitum*.”

He says: “As respects the delicate questions of culture I do not think that any other than negative rules can be laid down. For positive rules for suggestion, Nature alone inspires it. Who *dare* assume to guide a youth, a maid to perfect manners! The golden mean is so delicate, difficult—say frankly, unattainable. What finest hands would not be clumsy to sketch the precepts of the young girl’s demeanor. The chances seem infinite *against* success, and yet success is continually attained. Nature lifts her easily and without knowing it over these impossibilities, and we are continually surprised by graces and felicities, which seem not only unattainable but indescribable.

May we not apply this to our youthful country? Will not the earnest striving with the aid of natural laws help us, without our realizing the steps, out of many of our shortcomings? Let us feel that no one’s effort is worthless, and that we may show patriotism as well as wisdom by living out the spirit of the words: “A small unkindness is a great offense.”

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For matters of etiquette, guides abound, and, considered through the medium of a sincere desire to attain good manners, are they not valuable? But let us take care that in their use we do not miss the scope and stick in the incidents.

Not that I would seem, for a moment, to underrate the advantage of the knowledge of anything that adds ease, lends presence of mind, or chases away the ghoul of self-consciousness or bashfulness. Those who have never felt mortification from not knowing the right time or place to do or say a polite thing that their sense of the fitness of things and the usages of society alike required; those who have never felt their tongue cleave to their mouth, and the room swim before their eyes—making hours intended for enjoyment, veritable torture, just from an overwhelming sense of not knowing how—may deride the idea of known rules being sometimes of use in moments of action or perhaps still more in moments of inaction—but not I. Yet granting this we still cannot pin our faith to any social creed. Let us have all the environment of good taste and good feeling that is within our reach; become as well-versed as we may in the skill of finding and

improving the opportunities that society affords for community of thought and stimulating of interest. But here where no lines of rank divide us let us not strive or help to make superficial conventional ones. Let us beware of saying to our children, referring to some habit or custom involving no grand principle—No gentleman, no lady, would ever do that!

Lady—gentleman. Can we afford to demean those old-time words by using them in their narrowest significance?—Use them carefully and not too often; but they stand for too much to be employed for ignominious ends. Preserving their fullest meaning they will add force in our arguments for the causes of right and justice, while in their petty sense they bring power to *no* cause.

Each one of us can recall, I think, some one in the very humblest home and meagre surroundings whose heart and life display the essence of good manners in a degree rarely met with in any circle. She would look *distracte*, dazed, if left to herself in some large gathering of polite society; would commit many *gaucheries*, do many things which would scarcely be considered in “good form.” Is she any the less a lady for that?

How can we teach our girls to forget themselves when they meet these rare spirits and to show themselves worthy to stand by them, being helped by the pure spirit, which has missed one gift of expression, that living with the well-bred may have granted to them. How can we help them to recognize all such, and to give in return for the pure air that they take something equally valuable to those silent ones,—to show that all best helps to good manners have brought them nearer to the good, the true and the beautiful—not made them alien to all who fail to display the insignia of conventional good-breeding.

Our Unity Pulpit.

RELIGION, ITS NATURE AND GROWTH.

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE AT CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1883, BY REV. MARY A. SAFFORD, OF HUMBOLDT, IOWA.

LUKE X: 27. And he answering said: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.

One of the most fruitful sources of controversy is the careless or incorrect use of terms, and many times after heated discussions opponents find that they nearly agree in their views and have been battling about supposed, not real differences. And since it is a common mistake to use the term religion as synonymous with theology—and men often say that they are not religious because they have no clearly-defined theological opinions—we would have it understood that we do not use the word religion in the special sense as denoting some particular system of worship, while we carefully distinguish it from theology, since it relates to feeling and action rather than to mental conceptions. We

mean by it that universal aspiration after the infinite, that longing for God, which may be regarded as the germ from which the various religious systems of the world have been developed. We say universal aspiration—for as it was determined that all the nations of the earth should seek after God if haply they might find him—we learn of no peoples utterly destitute of religious perception. Notwithstanding the contradictory statements of travellers, the learned philologist, Max Muller, declares that “in spite of all researches no human beings have been found anywhere who do not possess something which to them is religion; or to put it in the most general form, a belief in something beyond what they can see with their eyes.” Just as there is a strong attraction between every germ of plant life that lies buried in the ground, and the glorious sun of heaven—so there is a strong attraction between the finite and the infinite soul—and just as the little seed climbs up from the cold and darkness of earth to grasp the warmth and light above it, so does man, in all ages and climes, struggle up and out from the control of the senses, from the limitations of time and place, to lay hold upon the infinite, to find the love and truth of God. This universal aspiration we call religion—the common religion of humanity; but there is not less difference between the embryonic and the perfectly developed forms of this religion than between the acorn and the stately oak. The acorn contains the oak in embryo, but to define the one is not to give a definition of the other. The tiny ball at our feet but faintly suggests to us the monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees—that for centuries wears so loftily its “green coronal of leaves.” Hence it is not enough that we present the germ from which all religions have sprung—no matter how sadly distorted these growths have been; but we must give a definition of the highest development that we conceive it possible for this universal aspiration to attain. We must find an expression for religion in its purest, loftiest form. Many definitions have been given by philosophers, but there is one that, while including them all, at the same time transcends them all. It is that of Jesus as found in the words of our text. Although not formally stated by him as a definition, it presents what is constantly dwelt upon in his teachings as covering the ground of all true religion, as the condition upon which eternal life may be secured,—and since we can conceive of nothing nobler and more inclusive in its nature than perfect love for God and man we must regard such love as the culmination of religious development. Hence the worth of a man’s religion cannot be determined by his church connection, and persons equally religious in their lives may differ widely in their theological opinions.

True religion must be valued as it was by Jesus, in the golden coin of love; and we can understand its nature only as we learn the meaning of love for God and man. Many persons say that they find it impossible to love God, for they cannot see him, they cannot feel his presence, they can form

no conception of him, and they cannot love that of which they have no definite idea. This is the feeling which has led to the worship of Jesus as God, and continually leads to the worship of images. Many good people who would shrink from the thought of idolatry, as often as they pray make supplication to an image they have formed in their own minds, forgetting that “God is spirit.” But is it possible to love one whom we cannot see, whose voice we cannot hear, of whom we can form no mental picture? This question can be answered best by referring to the nature of that love for a friend which is based upon her character. What is it that you love in your friend? You love her attributes as they are expressed to you in her individuality. You love her truthfulness, her purity, her generosity as these are united in her personality. You have these soul-qualities, expressed in looks, in words, in deeds, through the eye, the voice, the hand; but it is not the medium of expression, it is that which this medium expresses upon which your affection centers. Your friend might lose her eye, her hand, her voice, and you would love her still—but if her truth, her purity are lost, your friend is gone from you although her bodily presence may remain. Through association the tone of a friend’s voice, the touch of her hand, the glance of her eye become inexpressibly dear to you, and you always think of these things in your thoughts of her, and yet you prize them chiefly as the medium through which your friend’s soul communes with yours, and when the soul you love is gone, although you may still cling to the form that enshrines it, you know this form is not your friend, that she was more than this cold clay that gives no answering sign of recognition as your tears fall down upon it. And thus we conceive it to be in loving God. All nature is dear to us as the medium through which God expresses himself. His presence

“Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees.”

Through the grandeur and beauty of unchanging laws, through the love, the truth, the purity, of noble souls in all ages, and above all in the divine life of him who lived in Galilee, we learn of God’s attributes, and in loving these we are loving Him. If we love purity, truth and justice, then are we loving God—then will come to us that inner peace which constitutes the blessedness of what Jesus calls seeing God. Let it suffice for us that, if pure in heart, we can thus apprehend him, can thus securely rest in all-enfolding love although we cannot comprehend him—with our puny powers can form no adequate conception of Him. Your friend has a finite personality; you can form a mental image of her, for you have seen her, and yet you fail to understand fully the heights and depths even of her nature. But that which is infinite you cannot even picture in your mind, much less can you fully comprehend it, for if you could it would not be infinite but finite. But although you cannot grasp the meaning of infinite love, infinite truth, infinite justice, if you are loyal to all that you can

comprehend—if you love the highest that you know, then do you love God as truly as you love your friend. Then to love God with all our strength is to give to purity, to truth, to justice, our unswerving, intense devotion; it is to consecrate our lives to the highest good we can conceive. And thus loving goodness we shall of necessity love our neighbor, for if we love that which is good, we shall wish to see it prevail, we shall wish to build it up in our own lives and the lives of others; and thus our love for God will show itself in our love for man, our religion will be embodied in morality. And thus we are led to perceive the force of the statement that the second commandment is like unto the first—that loving man is like loving God.

It has been the custom with many to draw a dividing line between religion and morality; and in the world's history, too often that which has passed by the name of religion has been entirely separated from right conduct; but let it forever stand to the glory of Jesus of Nazareth that he made religion and morality one, or, as Miss Cobbe has said, "glorified virtue into holiness and duty into love." And to-day as we witness the fact that more and more inside of all sects and outside of all sects do men emphasize the worth of character, we cannot help feeling that while old creeds are crumbling and old beliefs dying—more and more are men coming into sympathy with the real religion of Jesus and being made alive by its spirit instead of being crushed as so many have been heretofore by the letter that killeth.

Aye, as we hear those who are called infidels and atheists—who utter their indignant protest against theological tyranny in all of its forms, and yet declare that upon the rock of human love and human kindness they firmly take their stand—we cannot refrain from looking back across the years of time,—back over years of bigotry and persecution—back, still back for more than eighteen centuries, where in the dawning light of love we see a radiant figure with the light of truth within his eye, the peace of heaven in his face, and listening seem to hear the words, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them—whosoever is merciful, kind, and just, I will liken him unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock." And listening to these words we cannot but rejoice that so many who are counted among the foremost infidels in our land are planting their feet firmly upon the same rock whereon Jesus planted his nearly nineteen centuries ago.

But while rejoicing that this is true, at the same time do we mourn the fact that Christianity has been so presented to the world that men do not seem to realize that in being loving, kind and true, in living virtuous lives, they are being truly Christian, are expressing real religion in the very noblest way it can be shown. For the development of the germ of religion, beginning perhaps in fear of the mighty powers by which man felt himself surrounded, and passing up through reverence for

them into admiration of them, culminated in love—and this love for the highest good we know—this most highly developed religious feeling embodied in the life becomes morality, or as Saint John expresses it, "To love God is to keep his commandments." Hence the noblest form of religion is morality enkindled and glowing with love. It transcends morality only as love transcends the noble life finding its best expression in the life yet linking it to that beyond itself.

Begin as we may with the germ of morality or of religion we find that as each attains its noblest development they blend into one; and we echo the thought of Jesus—loving man is like loving God. We realize that the purest religion is manifest in noble living. A man's love that is uttered in words alone is not a reality. A love that is real has a moulding—a transforming influence upon the whole nature, and when we see love thus expressed in the life—when we see a man striving to embody his love in a noble character that will be worthy the object of his love—we ask for no other proof that his feelings are real and not a mere pretense of words. In the same way when a man embodies his religion in moral excellence—when his love of the highest that he knows is expressed in a pure true life, we have no right to doubt its reality, let his theological opinions be what they may. In making religion and morality one, Jesus recognized the truth that religion is a life and not a creed, and if his followers had understood and practiced what he taught, the world would not have seen the terrible persecutions which carried on in the name of religion have made men feel that religion itself is responsible for them. But as love must not be blamed because it sometimes passes into jealous frenzy, so religion must not be reproached because it sometimes passes into superstition or fanaticism instead of expressing itself in morality. And no better work can be done in behalf of religion than the work of finding out and proclaiming its *real* nature. Let us teach, as Jesus taught, that love is its motive power—that morality is its best expression in the life, and men will be drawn to it with irresistible power.

Doubtless many of us can recall the days when as little children we firmly resolved never to be religious because it made folks look so solemn and have such a miserable time in life. We did not realize that the good men and women who told us beautiful stories, who talked to us about the birds and flowers, and listening to our childish troubles taught us how to bear them bravely, were religious men and women doing religious work—although they did not think it wrong to laugh on Sunday. We thought it was because we were so wicked that we liked them better than we liked the solemn visaged ministers who talked to us about our sins, and mentioned heaven in such a melancholy way that we had not the slightest desire to go there—save to escape from something worse. Religion in our childish thought did not mean the love—the cheer—the inspiration which now it signifies, but

was always associated with long sermons, hard benches and dreary Sundays. And we think that many grown-up children have just as incorrect conceptions of what religion really is—considering it a necessary evil—a matter of form and belief that must be regarded on Sunday—not something living and growing in the life. Hence one day is called holy and six days are made unholy. Hence there are long prayers in the church but short weights in the market.

But viewing religion as something that lives and grows—as a germ attracting the divine and in turn attracted by it—we see that while it could not develop without this attraction, the nature of its growth is determined by its daily food and culture. Just as the plant is dependent upon the light and heat of the sun, yet develops in accordance with its supply of food and the care that it receives. If you were to plant an acorn you would not expect it to grow well, if placed in scanty soil, if the little plantlet reached the surface only to be distorted by some great weight resting upon it—if noxious insects preyed upon its leaves and no cooling rains refreshed it, and yet the sun would shine upon it just the same as if the soil were good. But the feeble distorted plant would have no power to use this sunlight to store it away in a vigorous growth of woody tissue. So it is with the growth of true religion. God's love is for all—but the embodiment of this love in our lives demands proper conditions for its development. The helpless child in some filthy den of this great city has not that food for a religious life that is given to you and me. Upon his piteous childhood rests the heavy weight of ignorance—poverty preys upon his body, vice feeds upon his soul; and can we wonder at its blighted or distorted growth?

Are we not prone to spend too much time in praying for the sunlight and not enough in tilling and enriching the soil, wherein religion germinates and grows? Do we not expect that God will give to us directly what we alone can win through earnest effort? We need to realize that the growth of true religion in our own lives and the lives of others depends upon our use of *all* that God has given us as a means of perfecting our natures. Let us stir the soil continually and we need have no fear that the sunlight will be wanting. Let us recognize all work for man's advancement as religious work and lend a helping hand. Think not that we shall thus debase religion; we only shall make all things more divine. Instead of going to worship but one day in the seven, all of our work will be worship. Instead of seeking holy places the whole earth will be our temple and every place a shrine.

True religion thus embraces all elements of growth, is thus world-wide in its inclusiveness because its essence is love and love binds man to man and man to God even as the great law of attraction binds atom to atom and all atoms to the central sun. Well may we rejoice in this religion of love which Jesus preached—its purity, its depth,

its world-wide charity; but Christianity as it has stood before the world in ages past, as it stands before the world to-day, is far, far away from the ideal of its founder. Had it been true to its professions men would not sneer at the word religion but would love where now they distrust; and if we would fill all empty pews, if we would make men feel that religion in the life is like sunshine in the soul, let us inscribe above the portals of our churches no words save these alone—"Love God, Love man." Then through their doors shall throng the rich and poor, the high and low, the just and unjust—the vast multitude of earth's weary pilgrims—constrained and held and lifted into higher life by the strongest tie the soul can know—by the outstretched hand of the Father of us all—by *love eternal*. Then shall we exalt Christianity not by depreciating other religions but by feeding it with our best thought and purest aspiration.

The plant incarnates sunlight by giving as it receives, and when its giving ceases its growth is at an end. The more it grows the more life supporting oxygen it gives the air—the more it gives the faster does it grow. And thus the growth of true religion in our lives is measured by our love and service for humanity. If we add nothing to the world's material wealth by honest labor—take no interest in schools, and Sunday-schools, neglect to pay the debt we owe for thought and life and love—then let us not ask God to save our souls when by our inaction we are fast losing them. As from the shining sea the vapors mount to heaven to fall again in showers that refresh the thirsty earth and form the streams that bless the lands through which they journey on to join again the source from whence they came—so does all the truth and love that from our lives goes forth to bless the world return to us again in blessing. We come to you to-night from off the far-reaching prairies of the great Northwest. For years have they lain untilled beneath the smile of heaven. But now strong hands and willing hearts are enlisted in the work of wresting from the fertile soil its priceless treasures. Hard work and heroic endurance are bringing the sure reward of material prosperity. But as we watch this vigorous growth in all that makes for material well-being we remember Emerson's wise words, "The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out." And knowing that labor yet more severe—endurance yet more heroic than that which has produced material wealth—is needed to develop and sustain that noble type of womanhood and manhood which shall accord with the strength and freedom of the prairies, we hope that Liberal Christians will not lose this opportunity to grow—to quicken their religious life by giving as freely as they have received. More easily now than at any future period can the vigorous life of the West be moulded by noble ideals and earnest labor. Not yet has it crystallized into those rigid forms which must be fused or broken before they can be changed.

It is ready to hear and to receive our gospel of light and love—are we ready to proclaim it? Science is making rapid strides to-day—and why? Its promoters are enthusiastic. Matter is no better to-day than it was ages ago, but those who study its laws and the history of its forms bring to their work an ardor that makes them a power in the world of thought. They believe in the worth of that for which they toil, and if we would have religion strengthen and advance we must believe in it and work for it with like enthusiasm. It blossoms ever in the heart of man, but that it may unfold in its full strength and beauty it must be fed by the patient toil of heart and brain. The world is saying to us to-day what the German baron said to Luther in the hall of judgment “If thou hast faith in these doctrines of thine, go on, in the name of God.” Let us reply with the bold reformer—“Yes, in the name of God, forward.” For the world still calls for men and women who dare go forward. And let not hope deferred—let not long years of waiting for the fruitage of our toil dishearten us, since all life’s noblest things are won but slowly. Among the many true and beautiful stories that Science tells us is one that she relates about the building of the coral reefs.

Down beneath the wild waves of the ocean the coral animals begin their work of building up the islands that in time will be clothed with life and beauty. For thousands and thousands of years they toil, building, slowly building upward until at last the coral wall is formed that shuts out the angry sea from its encircling clasp, and makes a harbor safe and calm where once the ocean billows roared. And thus it is in the life of our race—that great ocean of thought and feeling. By the patient toiling of the multitude through ages past the religion of love has slowly been developed, and only by such efforts in the future will it continue to increase until at last where now base passions rage there will be joy and peace; where now a waste of waters greets the eye there will be seen those emerald isles where blossom all kindly thoughts, all generous words and deeds.

Notes from the Field.

KANSAS CITY.—Not much is heard from this important outpost. Does the silence indicate indifference or wisdom? Enoch Powell made a visit there recently, and reports a fine field, people a little discouraged, and that the place needs attention. We incline to the belief that the people there are simply waiting to hear of the right man. They do not feel financially able to experiment in candidates at any great length, and they also know the vanity of much of that sort of work. Of course they want a three thousand dollar man for fifteen hundred dollars. All Western churches do. But they probably know also that the value of a minister cannot be determined, guessed or even imagined, by his price. The man capable of doing the best possible work toward building up the church in

Kansas City might be willing to go and begin with them for a thousand dollars. We hope they may speedily find him. And we are pretty sure that they will know their man when they see him and will make no mistake.

PORTLAND, OREGON.—Rev. T. L. Eliot has returned to his charge, and we know without hearing it that he received the warmest of welcomes from his old parish. Rev. Charles Noyes has done good service in Mr. Eliot’s absence, and made himself greatly beloved. The parish and the community have met with a great loss in the death of Charles Hodge, who died almost immediately after Mr. Eliot’s return. He was an old citizen of Portland who had accumulated a considerable fortune, and whose life was blameless. He was a truly religious man, a devoted Unitarian, benevolent, wise and kind, and his death must be deeply felt wherever he is known, but most of all in the church of Portland.

The Study Table.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM PONKAPOG TO PESTH. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. pp. 267. Price, \$1.25.

THE FREEDOM OF FAITH. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. pp. 397. Price, \$1.50.

SACRED SCRIPTURES OF THE WORLD. Compiled, edited, and in part retranslated by Rev. Martin K. Schermerhorn, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1883. 8vo. pp. xxxi, 306. Price, \$3.00.

SELECTIONS FROM BROWNING. Edited by Edward T. Mason. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1883. pp. xvi, 275. Price, \$2.00.

CHRISTIAN HISTORY IN ITS THREE GREAT PERIODS; Second Period, The Middle Age. By Joseph H. Allen. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883. pp. 316. Price, \$1.00.

THE MODERN SPHINX and some of her Riddles. By M. J. Savage. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. 1883. pp. 160. Price, \$1.00.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co. 1883. pp. 564. Price, \$1.50.

JOCOSERIA. By Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. pp. 116. Price, \$1.00.

A COMPARISON OF ALL RELIGIONS. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. pp. xxvii, 413. Price, \$3.00.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn has printed together in a single volume, for devotional purposes, extracts from the Old and New Testaments, and bits of Buddhist, Brahmin, Persian, Egyptian, Chinese, etc., Writings. Books like this may seem to some disturbing, but they only show how universal is the spirit of devotion, and, as such, safe from destructive criticism. With further study of such writings it will be possible to write the history of religion in a way that has never yet been done. Fuller notice of this work will be given in these columns soon.—Mr. F. Marion Crawford’s new story, “A Roman Singer,” will not appear until the July number of the *Atlantic*, so as to begin the new volume.—The beautiful story of a Florentine girl from which Mr. Ruskin read some extracts in his Oxford lecture, is to be published this month with a preface by Mr. Ruskin himself. A Ruskin birthday book is also promised.—Mr. Julian Hawthorne has written for *The Manhattan* a story with the singular title, “Set Not Thy Foot On Graves.” Mr. Hawthorne is writing a serial story for the same magazine, which is, by the way, displaying much enterprise in securing contributors, and improving its make-up.—The French Academy has just awarded one-third of the January prize of 1500f. to “Jeanne Mairret” for her new novel “Marca.” “Jeanne Mairret” is Mme. Charles Bigot, daughter of Mr. Healey, the well-known American artist in Paris.—The works

of Emerson are to be honored with an *édition de luxe*, resembling the similar edition of Hawthorne. There will be eleven volumes in the set, two of them containing matter not heretofore published in the existing editions, and two new portraits will here make their first appearance in public.—Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. will publish immediately, by arrangement with the author, Mr. John Cordy Jeafferson, a very remarkable book which will doubtless cause a great sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. It is called "The Real Lord Byron," and gives a new view of the life of the poet, correcting the many fictions that have long been current, and very carefully reviewing the ground covered by a modern American publication on the same subject. Light has been shed upon many points in his life hitherto obscure through unimpeachable testimony and by means of newly discovered documents, and it is clearly shown that the author of "Childe Harold," though sharing in the faults of his age, was yet innocent of many serious charges that have been laid at his door.—In connection with the fourth centenary of Luther's birth (Nov. 10, 1483), an English translation of three of his chief works will be published by Mr. John Murray. The translation is by Prof. C. A. Buchheim, of King's College, London, and Prof. Henry Ware has written for it theological and historical introductions.—Marshal Bazaine's history of the Franco-German War, "Episodes de la Guerre de 1870," is an attempt to vindicate himself from the charges upon which the government sentenced him to death for treason. The sentence was commuted to imprisonment for twenty years, it will be remembered, and he escaped from his confinement in a very romantic manner. Marshal Bazaine's book has been forbidden in France, but he found a publisher in Madrid, and the book has of course made its way into France, though as yet no copies of it have appeared here.—Macmillan & Co. announce "Autumn Swallows," a new volume of poems by Ellice Hopkins, author of the essay on "The Song of Songs," which recently appeared in the *Century*, and has created unusual interest.—Roberts Brothers have arranged for the following additional volumes for their series of Famous Women: "George Sand" by Miss Thomas; "Margaret Fuller" by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; "Mary Lamb" by Mrs. Gilchrist; and "Maria Edgeworth" by Miss Helen Zimmern. They will probably appear in the order named during the summer and fall, as they are all in an advanced stage of preparation.—James R. Osgood & Co. announce three biographies, viz.: the "Life of Longfellow" by his brother, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow; the "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne" by his talented son, Julian Hawthorne; and the "Life of George Eliot," written by her husband, Mr. Cross. They also have nearly ready Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration," thoroughly revised and in part rewritten since its appearance in *The Century*.—Mr. John Bigelow will write the "Life of Bryant" for the American Men of Letters Series.—Miss Ella Wheeler's forthcoming volume of poems is to be entitled "Poems of Passion." It is giving food for the critics. The volume is to be issued by Belford, Clarke & Co., of this city.

WORKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Riverside Edition. Vol. V. *Scarlet Letter* and *Blithedale Romance*. Vol. VI. *The Marble Faun*. Vols. VII. and VIII. *Our Old Home* and *English Notebooks*. With Introductory Notes by G. P. Lothrop. Price \$2.00 per vol. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A somewhat extended notice of the new edition of Hawthorne, which is commanding such well-deserved popular recognition, was given in the columns of *UNITY* upon the publication of the first four volumes. The four latest numbers of the series in every way confirm, if they do not enhance the reader's favorable opinion. Vol. V. contains the two world-renowned romances, "The Scarlet Letter," and the "Blithedale Romance." The first is by common consent Hawthorne's most powerful work of fiction. In Mr. Parson's introductory note we re-read the account of the story's inception in the mind of the author. In the

story of "Endicott and the Red Cross," written some five years before, there is an allusion to "a young woman with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to wear the letter A on the breast of her gown in the eyes of all the world and her own children. * * * Sporting with her infamy the lost and desperate creature had embroidered the fatal token in scarlet cloth with golden thread and the nicest art of needlework." We read further that when Miss E. P. Peabody read this story she said, "We shall hear of that letter by and by, for it evidently has made a profound impression on Hawthorne's mind." The illustrations to the "Scarlet Letter" are particularly fine. Those which accompany the story of "The Marble Faun" do not seem to us so good. The judgment of one of Hawthorne's nearest friends, John Lothrop Motley, in a letter to the author written soon after the publication of this most finished of his productions, is that which the cultivated reading-public has since confirmed many times over. Mr. Motley begins by pronouncing the story quite "satisfactory," and goes on to express the delight he has received in "those shadowy, wierd, fantastic Hawthornesque shapes flitting through the golden gloom, which is the atmosphere of the book. I like the misty way in which the story is indicated rather than revealed * * the outlines are quite definite enough * * to those who have imagination enough to follow you." It is only those who have not the "imagination to follow" who cannot enjoy or understand Hawthorne.

The succeeding Volumes VII. and VIII. are taken up with the "English Note Books," and "Our Old Home." The four remaining numbers of the series will be issued in May and June.

C. P. W.

Little Unity.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Editor, Hyde Park, Ill.

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It is the object of these columns to increase the interest of the young reader in finding "What to see" in this wonderful world about us, and in deciding "What to do" toward the making of a true and useful life. Also to assist Mothers, Sunday-school Teachers, and all others who have the privilege of helping and training children to find the soul of all life in the things which are to be seen and to be done around us.

PICKING FLOWERS.

We found four blue violets and one white bud, on the 29th of April. This was better than we expected that cold day, but by the time this comes to you, the ground will be blue with them, in places which you know very well. Get your hands full of them and put them in water to brighten the supper table at home. Don't leave them lying forgotten on the steps—you wouldn't, of course. The woods and fields will soon be full of many kinds of our May friends. Pick all you can take care of in the house, but not to throw away, merely because you love the fun of picking.

There is an old-time song which comes to mind, of a Sweet Brier Rose "So freshly blooming, all the air perfuming," and how it spoke,—like the

animals in Æsop's fables—advising some one who was about to pick it, not to do so, because then it would quickly wilt and lose its freshness and fragrance. But it was picked, and “soon the lovely flower was gone, the thorns remained alone.” Had it been left on its stem, it would still have filled the air with its fragrance.

There is a thought here which applies to other pleasures we are too eager to pick. Can you find it?

GOOD CARE FOR THE SICK.

Do you remember when you were sick with measles or whooping cough, how hard it was to stay in bed? How comforting it was to have your head bathed, your pillow smoothed, and bed-clothes straightened by mama's gentle hand? How, after you were better, you counted all the figures in the paper on the wall opposite until you knew them by heart, and those on your bed-quilt too? Then you listened to queer little stories that were just lively enough and not too funny, so you were ready for a good nap. Yet you found it hard enough to be sick, no doubt. There are ever so many boys and girls who cannot be made as comfortable when they are ill, with pleasant home and careful mothers, as you can. We often need a doctor if we are not well; but we always need good care. It takes real training—teaching and practice—to know how to give this well, and there are schools where people go to learn how to do it.

Felix Adler's “Society for Ethical Culture” in New York city, carries on “United Relief Work” among the poor in that city, and nurses from a training school have each a certain district in which to work. All who are sick within its limits are under their charge, and care is given them in their homes. The nurses have some funny, and some very trying, cases, as you can imagine. I have just been reading of seven little children, all under twelve years, in one family, and of whom five were sick at one time, of diphtheria or scarlatina, or both. They were huddled into two little rooms, one a dark bedroom, with beds on the floor and but very few pieces of furniture—if there had been more there would not have been so much room for the children. They were bright little ones, but rather hard to get along with. Two-year-old Agnes was a small tyrant and would not take her medicine without a great deal of trouble. Her mother said the reason she got well was because she was such a “little villain.” Libbie would have scratched the nurse's eyes out if she would let her, and did tear her dress and spit her milk out on her, until she was bought, with pennies, to behave better. She finally concluded she loved the nurse. “lots,” was sorry she had been naughty, and became a great favorite. Several other interesting cases are given, and the good results of the District Nursing System are very encouraging. The Society for Ethical Culture in Chicago has voted to engage a District nurse to labor among the poor.

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
“Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!”

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
“Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little bug!”

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
“Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!”

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
“I wish I could find
A green little leaf!”

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
“Oh, I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone!”

“Now see here,” said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
“If you want any breakfast
You just come and scratch!”

HOW NUTMEGS GROW.

Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like small pear-trees, and which are generally not over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale, and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about the size of a peach. When ripe, it breaks open and shows a little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over four thousand nutmegs on it every year.

The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda Islands, and conquered all the traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up, they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as big as a church. Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg-pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done,—carried those nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world had the benefit.—*Confectioners' Journal*.

“Then only is a man growing old, when he ceases to have sympathy with young people. That is a dreadful old age.”—*George McDonald*.

A HANDSOME FEATHER-MOSS.

"Hypnum Triquetrum" is frequent in many woods and on shady banks, growing in tall, rigid, shining tufts, several inches long, yellowish-green. The stems are red, and more or less branched. The stem leaves are much recurved, clasping the stem at the base, thence gradually tapering to an acute point, minutely toothed on the margin, and striated or streaked on the surface, and with a lens two parallel veins will be seen, reaching more than half way up the leaf. The fruit stalk proceeds from the side of the stem, bearing a short, slightly curved capsule with a conical lid. The fringe is double.—*Midland Naturalist*.

"BEWARE THE CAMEL'S NOSE."

AN ARAB PROVERB APPLIED.

Once in his shop a workman wrought,
With languid hand and listless thought,
When through the open window's space,
Behold a camel thrust his face!
"My nose is cold," he meekly cried;
"Oh, let me warm it by thy side!"

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head—
As sure as sermon follows text,
The long and scraggy neck came next;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In leapt the whole ungainly form.

Aghast, the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he prest,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet, more astonished, heard him say:
"If thou art troubled, go thy way;
For in this place I choose to stay.

Oh, youthful hearts, to gladness born,
Treat not this Arab's lore with scorn!
To evil habit's earliest wile
Lend neither ear, nor glance, nor smile;
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,
Nor e'en admit "the camel's nose!"

—Mrs. Sigourney.

Looking out of the window one evening, a little girl saw the bright full-moon in the eastern sky, and, apparently only a few inches from it, the beautiful planet Jupiter, shining almost as brightly as the moon itself. Gazing intently on them a moment, she exclaimed, "O papa, mamma, see! The moon has laid an egg!"

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no cleared vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.—*Anna Warner*.

FRIENDSHIP.

There are some men whom to love is itself an education, although they through whom that beneficent result comes may be all unconscious of it. Nor can one who has been so enriched ever wholly lose that which he has gained; friends may be parted by space, by time, or may come to look at each other through the mist of a mutual misunderstanding; but the deepening of the character which has come through friendship, the wider knowledge of self and of others, and of God, which is the direct result of any unselfish love, can never heedlessly be lost or willfully cast away.

Every new and true friendship makes a man more than he was before. There is no possibility of friendship, without each of the friends exercising a moulding influence upon the other, and, so to speak, contributing something to the other's being. Hebrew proverbial philosophy caught that truth long ago, and embodied it in the saying which inspiration has immortalized: "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance [the entire presentment] of his friend." And in this mutual sharpening and shaping process each party is enriched and neither is impoverished; for the double blessing of giving and receiving falls graciously upon both.—*S. S. Times*.

The Sunday School.

THE MATURITY OF ISRAEL.

LESSON IX. MAY 27, 1883.

ANTIOCHUS EPIPHANES; THE MACCABEAN STRUGGLE.

TEXT.—"If our time be come, let us die manfully for our brethren, and let us not stain our honor."

VERSE:

"Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

—J. G. Whittier.

BIBLE READINGS:—I. Maccabees.

I. Historical Events.

Greek conquest of Palestine. Greek-Egyptian Rule 320–203 B.C. Greek-Syriac Rule 203–138 B.C. Antiochus' Persecution.

II. Mattathias and His Sons.

The Temple profaned, I. Macc. i: 54–64; The Temple purified, I. Macc. iv: 36–61; Death of Judas Maccabeus, I. Macc. ix.

III. The Apocrypha.

Written probably from about 300–30 B.C.; How viewed by the Jews at Jerusalem,—at Alexandria. Action of the Council of Trent.

Announcements.

TO SUBSCRIBERS,

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CONFERENCE NUMBER.

The next number of UNITY will be the Annual Conference Number, and will contain matter of especial interest to all societies in the Conference. It will contain double the usual amount of matter, and will give the annual reports of our various societies, with a full account of the interesting session which is just drawing to a close. Those desiring extra copies will please send their orders early, that we may know how large an edition will be required.

Kindergarten Training School.

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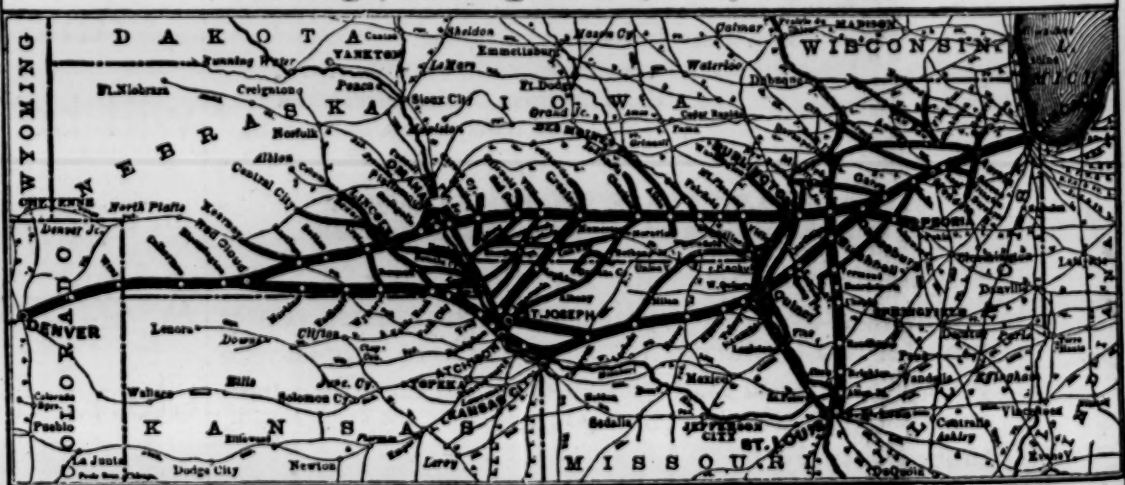
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